

FEAR

# HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO THE HAUNT OF



NOV.-DEC.  
1950

LN

# FEAR

AUTHORIZED  
A.C.M.F.

CONFORMS  
to the  
COMICS  
CODE

10¢

HEE, HEE!  
OF THE HA  
TERROR  
CLOSED  
AND S

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



ELDSTEIN



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The following is a complete list of



titles, all of which bear the Code-Seal of The Association of Comics Magazine Publishers

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This seal is used by the Association of Comics Magazine Publishers, which believes in decency and good taste. The Association has been joined by leading magazine distributors, wholesalers, printers and engravers serving the industry. The Association does not believe in censorship . . . it believes in self-regulation. If you want the best comic magazines, always look for the Association seal on the front cover. It is your guarantee of quality and entertainment.

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The Association has adopted a code of ethics to assure good taste and high editorial standards. Only comic magazines that meet the code requirements are permitted to use the special "Code-Seal". This magazine is a "Code-Seal" magazine. There are many others.

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The Association is constantly working to give you better entertainment and more information about the world we live in. It works with Parent-Teacher Associations, educational groups, welfare organizations, women's clubs, religious organizations of every faith and others interested in the American way of life.

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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

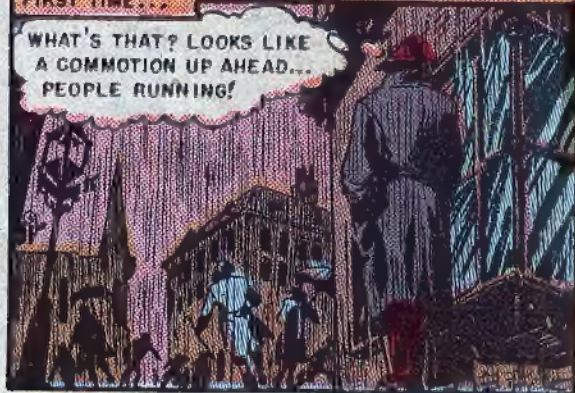


HEE, HEE! YES! IT'S *ME* AGAIN! *THE OLD WITCH*... MISTRESS OF THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*! I SEE IT'S TIME TO BREW *ANOTHER TERROR-TALE* FOR YOU HERE IN MY *CAULDRON*! COME CLOSER... CLOSER! NOW GAZE INTO ITS BUBBLING CONTENTS... *GAZE DEEP*... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE BEGINNING OF A *BLOOD-CURDLING YARN* I CALL...

## THE HUNCHBACK!

IT WAS A DREARY DAY, AS ROGER COMPTON STROLLED UP THE MAIN STREET OF THE LITTLE TOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME...

WHAT'S THAT? LOOKS LIKE A COMMOTION UP AHEAD... PEOPLE RUNNING!



WHILE ROGER COMPTON WATCHED, THE TOWNSFOLK SCURRIED ABOUT... SEEKING REFUGE...

HE'S COMING! GET INDOORS!

RUN... RUN! HE'S COMING!

THEY SEEM TO BE FRIGHTENED OF SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING!





SOON, ROGER FOUND HIMSELF ON A DESERTED STREET! THE PEOPLE HAD ALL DISAPPEARED... HIDDEN BEHIND LOCKED DOORS AND DRAWN BLINDS...



IT MUST BE SOMETHING HORRIBLE THEY FEAR! I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO TAKE COVER, TOO? OH, OH! TOO LATE! HERE HE COMES!

A STOOPED FIGURE SHUFFLED AROUND A CORNER AND UP THE EMPTY STREET! AS HE DREW NEAR, ROGER NOTICED THAT HE WAS A HUNCHBACK.



GOLGO! MY OLD FRIEND, PETER GOLGO! HUM?

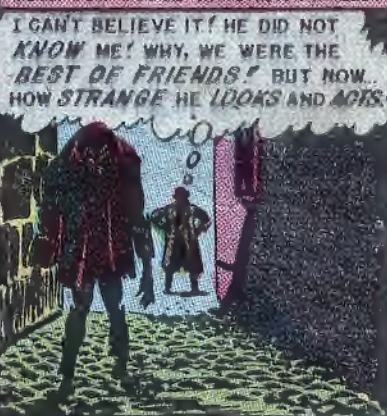
PETER! YOU DO NOT REMEMBER ME? I'M ROGER... YOUR OLD COLLEGE CHUM! BUT HOW BAD YOU LOOK, PETER!



GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE! WHA... WHY PETER! IT IS I, ROGER! DON'T YOU... REMEMBER?



PETER GOLGO SHUFFLED ON UP THE STREET AND DISAPPEARED INTO A DARK ALLEY! ROGER COMPTON STOOD WATCHING, AMAZED!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE DID NOT KNOW ME! WHY, WE WERE THE BEST OF FRIENDS! BUT NOW... HOW STRANGE HE LOOKS AND ACTS.

CAUTIOUSLY, THE TOWNSFOLK THAT HAD BARRICADED THEMSELVES EMERGED FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES...



YOU'RE A STRANGER HERE, AREN'T YOU?

WHY, YES! I...

YOU TALKED TO HIM...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! HE'S BAD... A FIEND!

PETER? A FIEND? THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! BEFORE HE BECAME WHAT HE IS TODAY... A GHOUL!







BUT...A GHOUL  
FEEDS UPON  
DEAD FLESH!

YES! AND I  
SAW HIM..

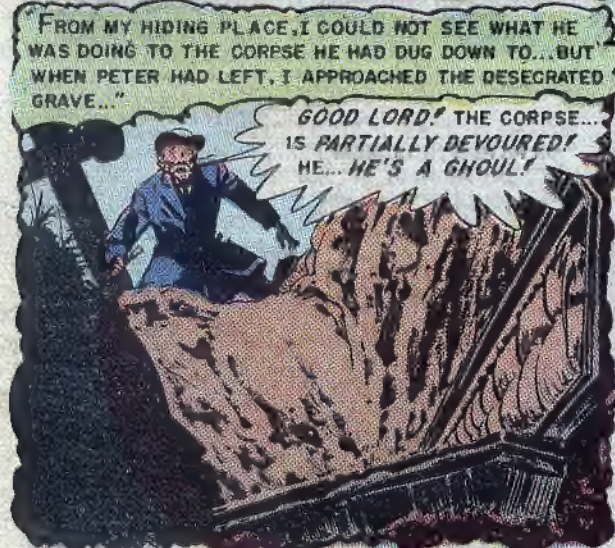


"IT WAS ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! I WAS  
RETURNING FROM A GRANGE MEETING! I WAS  
TAKING A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE CEMETERY  
WHEN..."

A LANTERN! SOMEONE  
DIGGING...



"I LEDGED CLOSER! AND  
THEN I SAW WHO IT WAS..."  
PETER GOLGO! THE  
HUNCHBACK! ROBBING  
A GRAVE...



FROM MY HIDING PLACE, I COULD NOT SEE WHAT HE  
WAS DOING TO THE CORPSE HE HAD DUG DOWN TO... BUT  
WHEN PETER HAD LEFT, I APPROACHED THE DESECRATED  
GRAVE..."

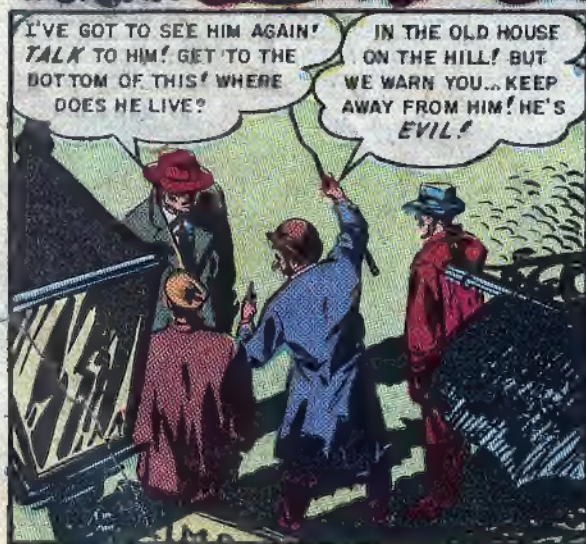
GOOD LORD! THE CORPSE...  
IS PARTIALLY DEVOURED!  
HE... HE'S A GHOUL!



ROGER COMPTON LISTENED, HORRIFIED, TO THE OLD  
MAN'S TALE! WHEN HE HAD FINISHED...

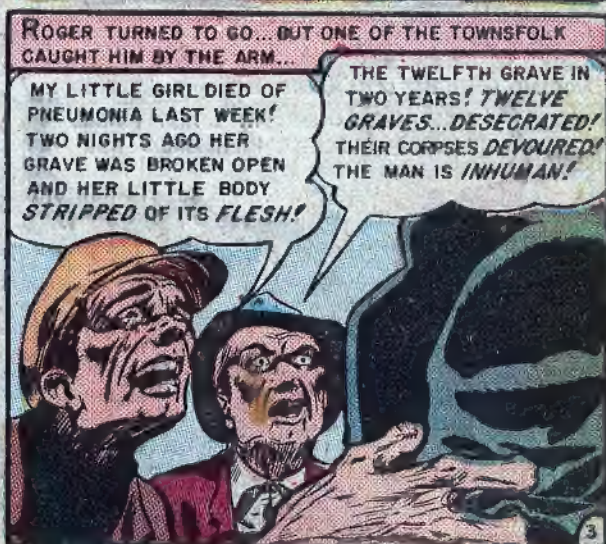
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT! PETER  
WAS NORMAL AT SCHOOL...  
EVEN BRILLIANT!

BUT YOU'VE SEEN  
HIM! DOES HE BEHAVE  
NORMALLY NOW?  
DOES HE?



I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM AGAIN!  
TALK TO HIM! GET TO THE  
BOTTOM OF THIS! WHERE  
DOES HE LIVE?

IN THE OLD HOUSE  
ON THE HILL! BUT  
WE WARN YOU... KEEP  
AWAY FROM HIM! HE'S  
EVIL!



ROGER TURNED TO GO... BUT ONE OF THE TOWNSFOLK  
CAUGHT HIM BY THE ARM...

MY LITTLE GIRL DIED OF  
PNEUMONIA LAST WEEK!  
TWO NIGHTS AGO HER  
GRAVE WAS BROKEN OPEN  
AND HER LITTLE BODY  
STRIPPED OF ITS FLESH!

THE TWELFTH GRAVE IN  
TWO YEARS! TWELVE  
GRAVES... DESECRATED!  
THEIR CORPSES DEVOURED!  
THE MAN IS INHUMAN!



ROGER BROKE AWAY FROM THE WIDE-EYED TOWNSPEOPLE...AND THEIR HORRIBLE TALES...AND MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL TO THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE THAT WAS PETER GOLGO'S HOME...



HOW RUN-DOWN AND WEATHERBEATEN IT IS!

HE STEPPED UP TO THE BATTERED DOORWAY AND KNOCKED! THE BLOWS UPON THE DOOR BOOMED THROUGH THE DRAFTY HALLS OF THE OLD FLAGE! THEN THE DOOR CREAKED OPEN...



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT IS I, PETER! ROGER COMPTON!

PETER GOLGO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HIS THIN, STOOPED BODY HUNCHED AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE... HIS HANDS CLENCHED AT HIS SIDES! HIS FACE WAS A WAXEN MASK OF DEATH FROM WHICH TWO EYES GLARED WITH GHOULISH LIGHT...



GO AWAY!

BUT I HAVE COME TO HELP YOU, PETER!

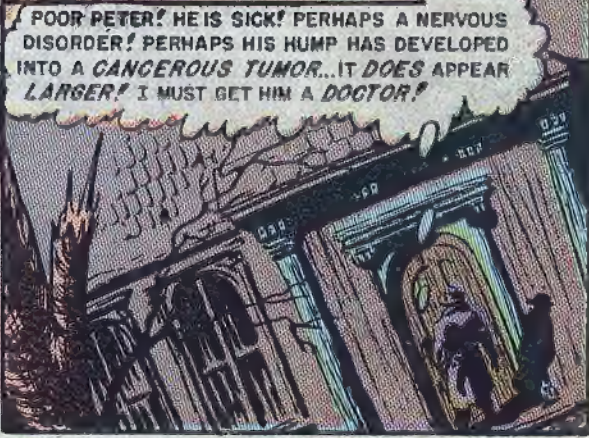
A SMILE SPREAD ACROSS PETER'S TWISTED LEERING FACE... A SMILE OF SLY, LURKING EVIL! HIS THICK LIPS CURLED BACK IN A FANGED GRIMACE OF IDIOTIC MIRTH...



HELP ME? HAH! I AM BEYOND HELP!

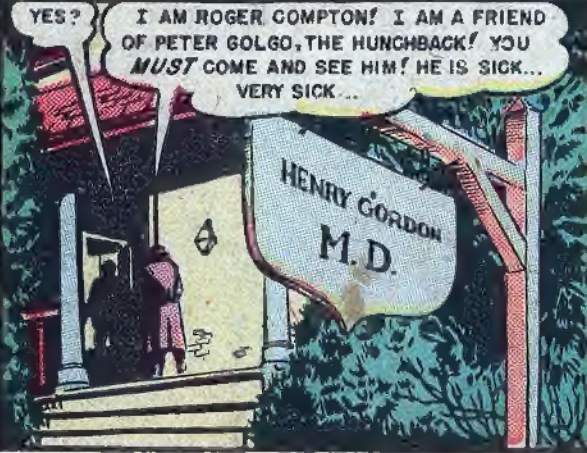
BUT, PETER! I...

THE DOOR SLAMMED IN ROGER COMPTON'S ASTOUNDED FACE, AND HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE...



POOR PETER! HE IS SICK! PERHAPS A NERVOUS DISORDER! PERHAPS HIS HUMP HAS DEVELOPED INTO A CANCEROUS TUMOR... IT DOES APPEAR LARGER! I MUST GET HIM A DOCTOR!

ROGER MADE HIS WAY DOWN THE HILL AND ACROSS THE STREET TO A SIGN MARKED "HENRY GORDON, M.D." HE KNOCKED UPON THE CLEAN, WHITE, NEWLY-PAINTED DOOR...



YES?

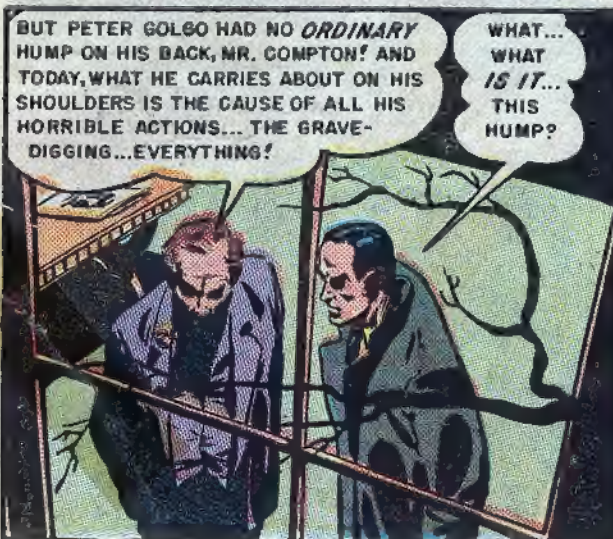
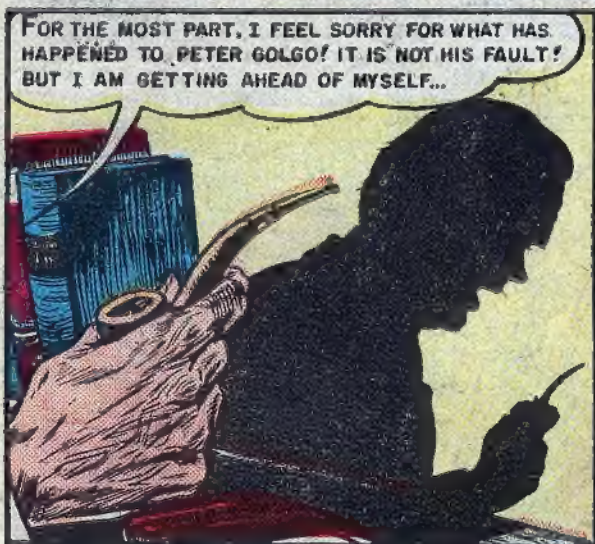
I AM ROGER COMPTON! I AM A FRIEND OF PETER GOLGO, THE HUNCHBACK! YOU MUST COME AND SEE HIM! HE IS SICK... VERY SICK...



I KNOW ALL ABOUT PETER GOLGO! I BROUGHT HIM INTO THE WORLD!

THEN YOU'LL COME! YOU'LL HELP...







PETER WAS *BORN* WITH IT! IT WAS AN UNDEVELOPED SIAMESE TWIN THAT WAS ATTACHED TO HIS BACK! ONLY IT NEVER DEVELOPED! YES, IT WAS ALIVE... BUT DORMANT! AND THEN... THREE YEARS AGO... THE CHANGE CAME!



IT BEGAN TO GROW, DOCTOR?

YES! HE CAME TO ME! IT LAY FACE DOWNWARD ON HIS BACK... ITS HANDS CLASPED ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS! IT HAD ITS OWN DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, ITS OWN LUNGS... BUT ITS LEGS RAN OFF INTO THE LUMPY FLESH OF HIS BODY!



I NEVER KNEW! IN ALL THOSE YEARS AT COLLEGE...

WHEN HE CAME TO ME, ITS EYES WERE OPEN! IT HAD DEVELOPED A TINY SET OF TEETH! IT WAS UGLY... UGLY!



I COULD NOT REMOVE IT! I COULD NOT KILL IT! IT WOULD HAVE MEANT PETER'S LIFE AS WELL! AND SO I TOLD HIM IT WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN THERE... FOR ALL OF HIS DAYS!



BUT I NEVER SUSPECTED IT WOULD BE A THING OF EVIL! IT DEMANDED FLESH... DEAD FLESH... FOR FOOD! IT WAS A *GHoul*! AND PETER WAS FORCED TO OBEY! IT WAS CAPABLE OF INFLECTING EXCRUCIATING PAIN UPON HIM...



BUT YOU MUST DO SOMETHING NOW, DOCTOR! YOU MUST SAVE HIM!

I CAN DO NOTHING... NOTHING!



COMPTON WALKED OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE... TEARS IN HIS EYES! THERE HAD TO BE *SOMETHING*... SOME WAY OF HELPING POOR PETER... OF FREEING HIM FROM THE MONSTER THAT CONTROLLED HIM...

I'LL GO BACK! I'LL TELL HIM THAT I KNOW... EVERYTHING, NOW!





COMPTON MADE HIS WAY UP THE HILL AGAIN... TO THE OLD HOUSE! AS HE APPROACHED, HE HEARD VOICES... ARGUING...



ONE OF THEM IS PETER! I RECOGNIZE HIS VOICE! THE OTHER... IS HIGHER... MORE FRENZIED...

IT MUST BE THE **MONSTER!** THEY'RE FIGHTING ABOUT SOMETHING...



ROGER COMPTON CROUCHED DOWN BELOW THE SHADED WINDOW... LISTENING...



**NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER DO IT! NEVER...**  
AAAAAAGH!

IT WAS PETER SCREAMING IN PAIN! THE MONSTER WAS TORTURING HIM... FORCING HIM TO DO SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO...



**NO! I WON'T! ROBBERING GRAVES WAS BAD ENOUGH! WATCHING YOU EAT THE ROTTED FLESH... BUT NOW! KILL FOR YOU? FOR FRESH FLESH? NEVER... NEVER!**

IT WAS HORRIBLE TO LISTEN TO THEM! PETER CONTINUED TO REFUSE... AND THEN...



AFTER THE SCREAM... SILENCE! ROGER COMPTON RUSHED INTO THE HOUSE! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM SICK! THE **THING** WAS THERE... EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR HAD DESCRIBED IT...



YES! HEE, HEE! IT **WAS** THERE! THE LITTLE MONSTER, IN A FIT OF OF RAGE, HAD CLIMBED A TRIFLE HIGHER ON PETER GOLGO'S BACK AND **BITTEN HIM TO DEATH!** SILLY LITTLE GHOUL... IT DIDN'T REALIZE IT WOULD KILL **ITSELF**, TOO! YOU SEE, **THESE** TWINS HAD ONLY **ONE HEART...** THE ONE IN **PETER'S** BODY! WELL, READ ON FRIENDS! THERE ARE MORE CHILLS WAITING... IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!





# FIRE

**H**e released the fire-bomb he had been preparing so carefully in his workroom... and with a consuming sense of triumph he watched it flicker and begin to glow. No one else in the small plane had seen him fiddling with it... his wife and all the others were too absorbed in the Mexican landscape unfolding thousands of feet below them. In another sixty seconds the bomb would splutter into angry purple and crimson... and it would be time for him to leave them here! He almost laughed at the prospect. He would be abandoning them fifteen thousand feet in the air, in a plane doomed to death by fire within three minutes. They would never be able to land the flaming craft... and his guile in mutilating the chutes closed off the only other avenue of escape! Secretly he had slashed the nylon of all the parachutes but one... and he was slithering into the only good chute at this very moment!


The sound of the fire-bomb was audible now. He could see the horror on his wife's face as she turned and stared at him in dismay. The others were rising too... he began to giggle even as he ran to the escape hatch and flung it open. They were screaming at him, some were beginning to curse and to moan. But it would do them no good! They were all doomed to death by fire... and he would profit by it. The insurance money on his wife's life... and on the plane which he was about to destroy... would make him a rich man!

The metal door was wide open, and without a backward glance he threw himself far out into space. He whirled as if caught in the funnel of a twister... then he felt the sharp pull on his back and stomach as the chute mushroomed open above him and stopped his headlong descent almost instantly. Off in the distance he saw the plane wobbling in its path... smoke beginning to trail through its windows and a tongue of bright red and yellow enveloping one of the wings. His plan had worked! They would all be consumed in fire within the next five minutes... and he would be rich! And safe!

He looked down at the Mexican countryside beneath him, and his heart almost stopped beating. Directly under him, open like the jaws of some primitive monster, was Mount Chachitax. And from its gaping mouth there issued great plumes of deadening black smoke! Now and then he saw the swirl of fire far down in the heart of the turbulent smoke... and he was heading directly into it! Some power which neither his will nor his parachute could resist was sucking him directly down into that open mouth... into the awful fires of Mount Chachitax! All at once his chute seemed to lose its remaining power and he was shrouded in the smoke and could feel the searing heat all around him. The deadly fires of Mount Chachitax were claiming him. Like the occupants of the plane he was doomed to death by fire... in the very mouth of the erupting volcano!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!



WELCOME, DEAR READER... WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE **VAULT OF HORROR!** HERE'S A FASCINATING TALE... GUARANTEED TO WIPE THE SMIRK FROM YOUR FACE AND REPLACE IT WITH A **GRAVE LOOK!** MY STORY TAKES PLACE **FAR UNDERGROUND...** IN AS **DANK** AND **DRAFTY** A CAVE AS YOU COULD IMAGINE... SO BE CAREFUL TO TURN BACK AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A **CHILL**, FOR I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOU TO START **SHEEZIN'** AND **COFFIN**, OVER THE SPINE-TINGLER I CALL...

## THE TUNNEL OF TERROR!

MY STORY STARTS IN A TOWN SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF THE BORDER...

YOU JUST STAY HERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM AND RELAX, PAUL... I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!

YEAH... DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SIS!

PACKING UP AND BRINGING PAUL DOWN HERE... AWAY FROM THOSE CRAZY FRIENDS OF HIS... MAY SAVE HIM FROM A RECURRENCE OF HIS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! IF ONLY I CAN KEEP HIM AWAY FROM EXCITEMENT... AND **LIQUOR.**

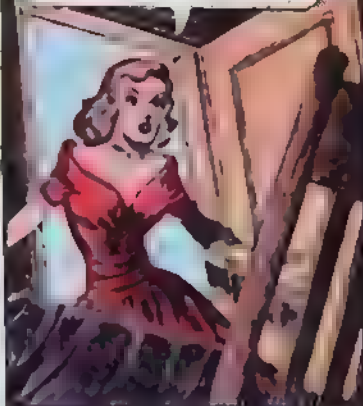




GET THE PICTURE?  
HERE'S A SWEET YOUNG  
GIRL...LINDA CROSS BY  
NAME...WHO'S TRYING  
TO SAVE HER BROTHER  
PAUL'S HEALTH BY MOV-  
ING HIM OFF THE BEATEN  
TRACK! SHE'S FORCING  
HIM INTO A VACATION  
FROM THE BOTTLE AND  
.. BUT LET'S PEEK INTO  
THEIR ROOM A SHORT  
TIME LATER!



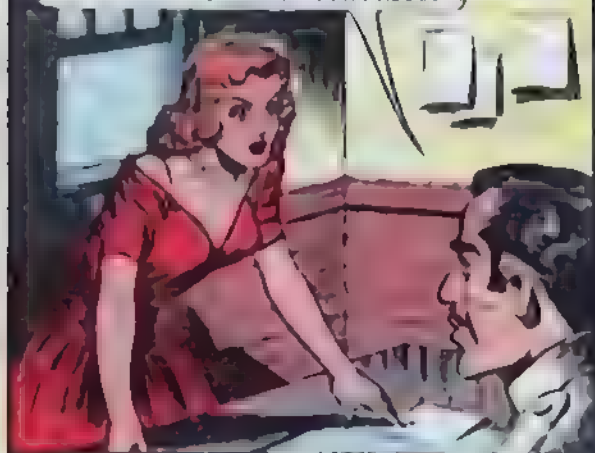
HE'S GONE! AND IN HIS  
STATE OF MIND... **ANYTHING**  
MIGHT HAPPEN! IT'S DANGEROUS  
FOR HIM TO WANDER AROUND  
THE STREETS ALONE...



LINDA RUSHES TO THE LOCAL POLICE STATION!  
YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! PAUL'S  
NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HIMSELF! IN A  
STRANGE TOWN LIKE THIS, HE MAY GET HURT  
OR...



I HAVE YOUR DESCRIPTION OF HIM, SEÑORITA..  
I'LL ATTEND TO THE CASE MYSELF! GO BACK TO  
YOUR HOTEL, AND GET SOME REST!



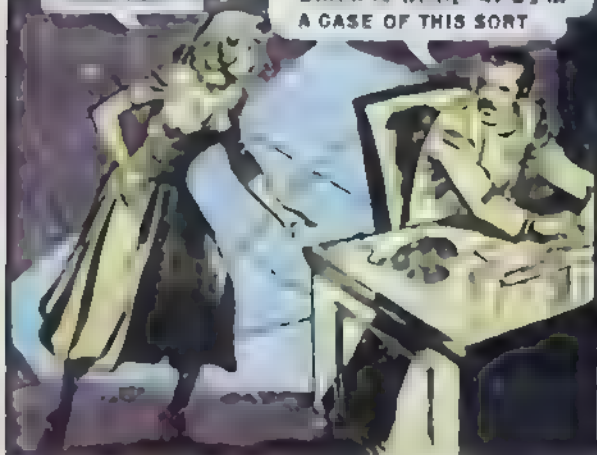
THE HOURS TICK BY, AND STILL THERE IS NO WORD  
FOR LINDA CROSS

'I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT  
HIM... EVEN FOR A MINUTE! A STRANGER... AND IN  
HIS CONDITION' I CAN'T SIT AROUND ANY LONGER  
I'LL GO MAD!

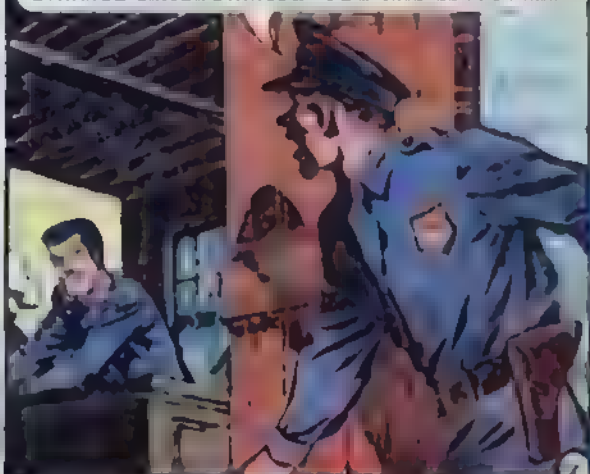


HAVE YOU FOUND OUT  
ANYTHING ABOUT MY  
BROTHER?

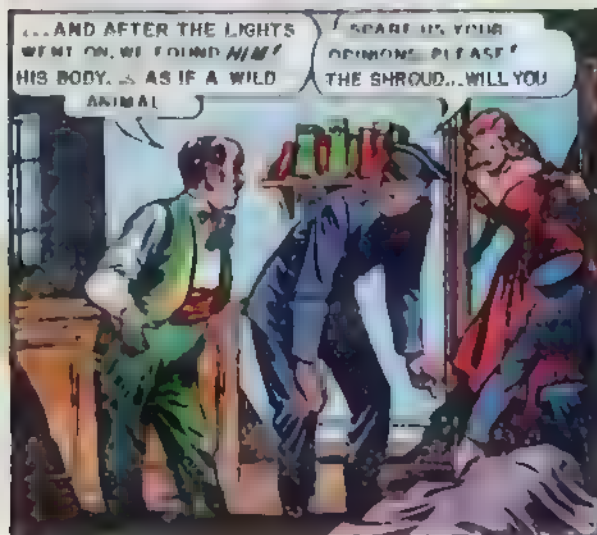
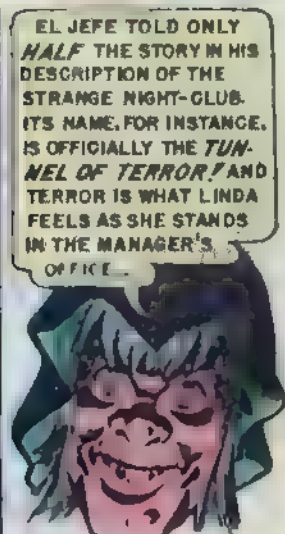
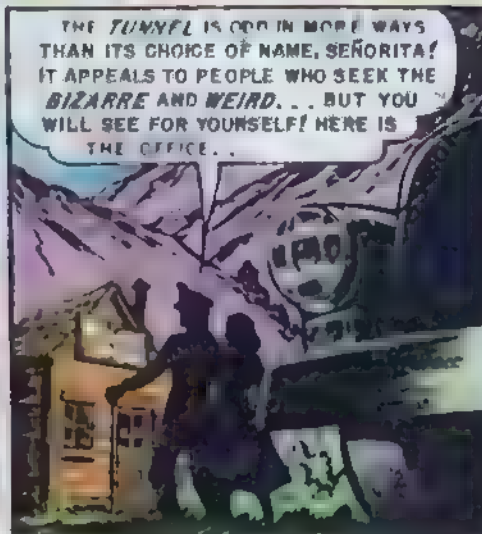
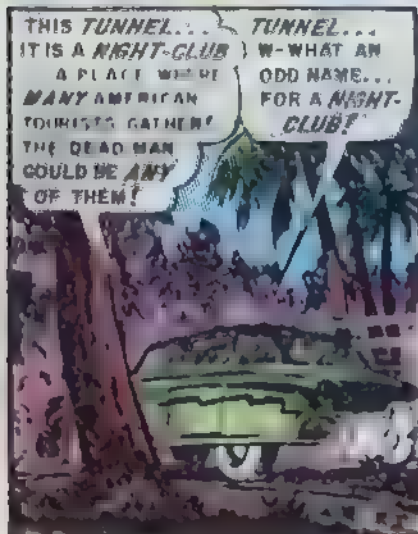
HUH? OH, SEÑORITA... ER  
CROSS? NO WORD YET..  
WHICH IS GOOD NEWS IN  
A CASE OF THIS SORT



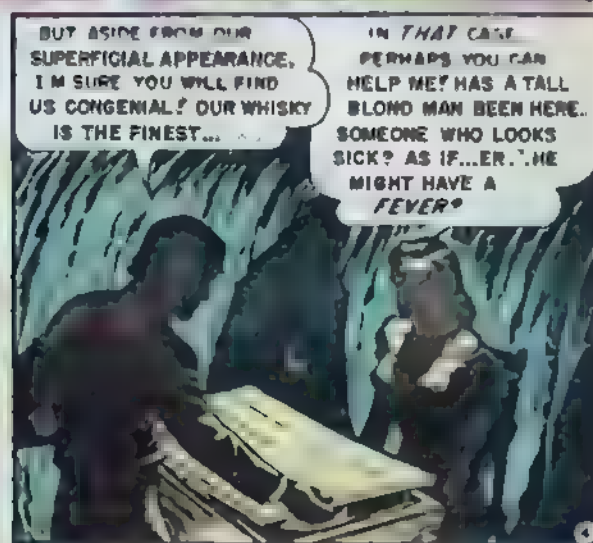
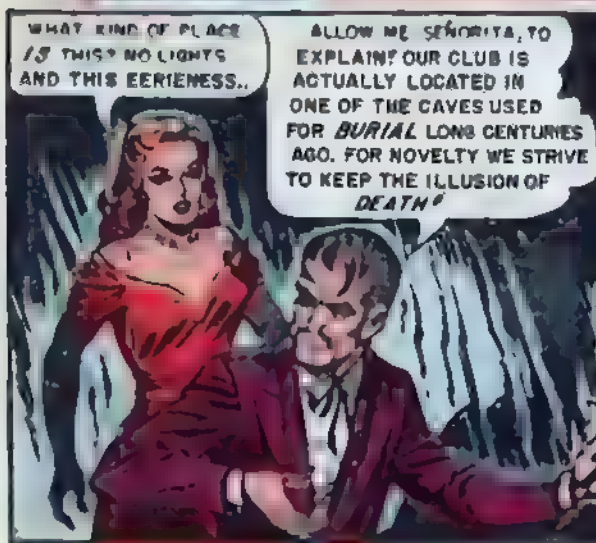
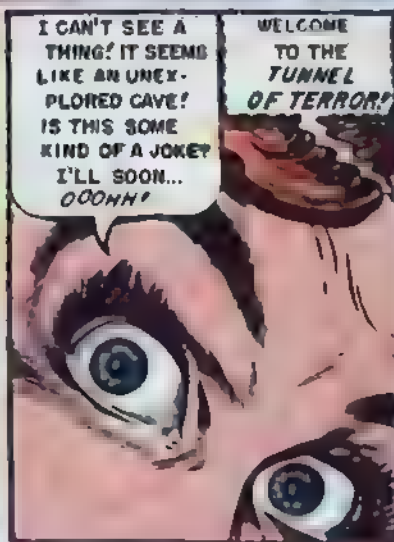
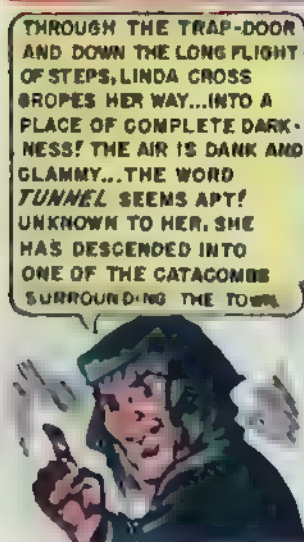
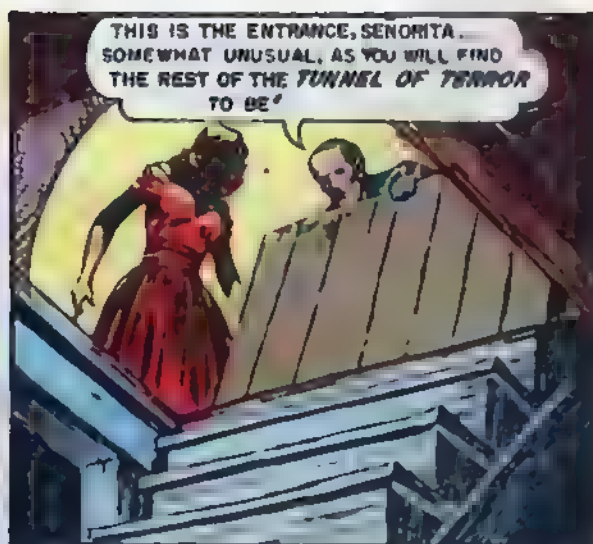
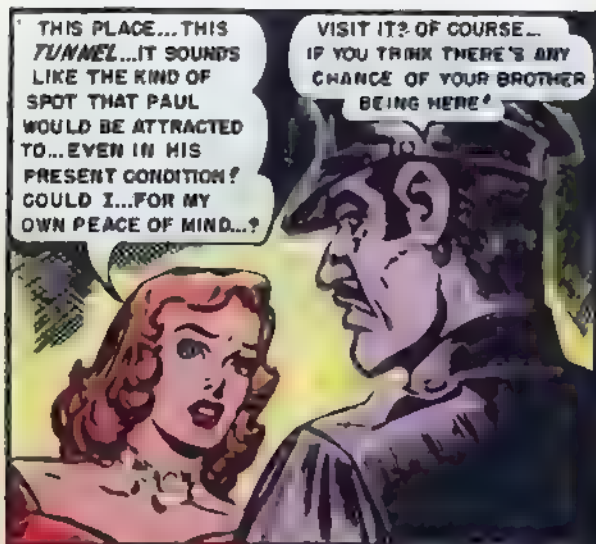
MAN FOUND DEAD DOWN AT THE TUNNEL, EL JEFE!  
STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES! YOU HAD BETTER COME!















PERHAPS  
*THIS* IS THE  
ONE YOU  
SEARCH FOR?



JUST A BIT OF THE  
ENTERTAINMENT WE  
PROVIDE, SEÑORITA!  
NOTHING TO FEAR,  
I ASSURE...

WHAT'S  
*THAT?*



PLEASE DON'T  
BECOME ALARMED  
...THERE'S BEEN  
AN ACCIDENT  
HERE...

THIS PLACE...  
LIKE SOME-  
THING OUT OF  
A NIGHTMARE!  
I-I HAVE TO SEE  
... PERHAPS  
IT'S PAUL...



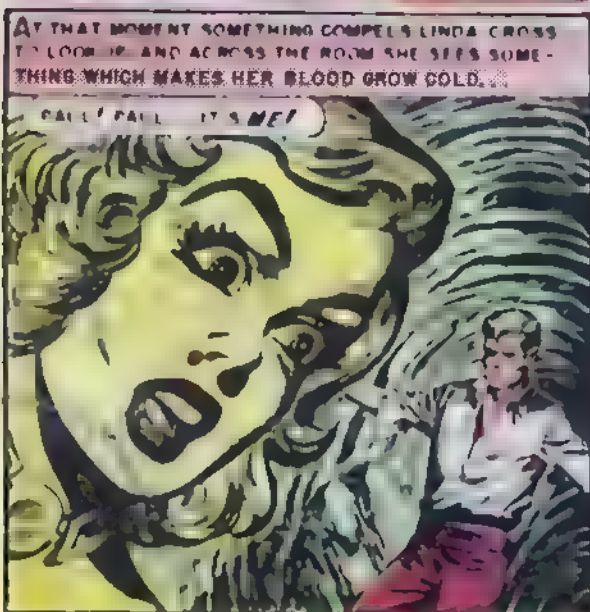
A TOURIST.

AMERICAN

LET ME SEE..  
PLEASE, *LET*  
*ME SEE!* IT  
MAY BE MY  
BROTHER...GET  
OUT OF MY WAY!



*NOT PAUL! BUT...IT'S HORRIBLE! AS  
THOUGH...IT HAD BEEN EATEN...*



CALL! PAUL! IT'S ME!



HEY, SEÑORITA!  
WATCH OUT

GIVE ME THAT TORCH...  
IT'S MY BROTHER! HE'S  
SICK... HE NEEDS ME!  
QUICK... I MUST FIND  
HIM!



HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME! THIS  
CRAZY PLACE...IT'S FRIGHTENED  
HIM! I'VE GOT TO FIND PAUL...  
GET HIM OUT OF HERE...



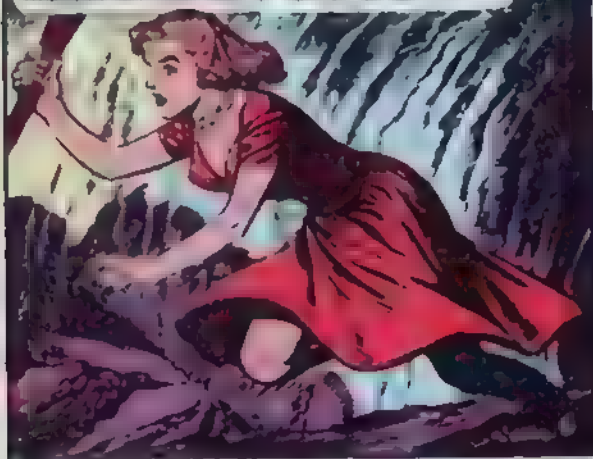
A SCREAM! AND WITH THE ECHOES,  
IT SEEMS TO COME FROM EVERY SIDE  
ALL AT ONCE! THE BEAST...IT MUST  
HAVE STRUCK AGAIN! I-I MUST  
FIND PAUL...MUST...



THE SECONDS DRAG BY  
LIKE AGONIZED HOURS  
AS LINDA CROSS TRIES  
DESPERATELY TO TRACE  
HER BROTHER THROUGH  
THAT UNDERGROUND  
CAVE. AND THEN SHE  
SEES THE FLICKER OF  
A SHADOW AGAINST THE  
WALL...SOMETHING MOVING!  
PERHAPS IT IS PAUL...



HE'S AFRAID EVEN OF ME! IN HIS MENTAL STATE  
HE MUST BE TERRIFIED! CAN'T TAKE CARE OF  
HIMSELF! IT'S UP TO ME TO...OOOOFFF!



ANOTHER CORPSE! HORRIBLY MUTILATED! THE  
BEAST! IT'S FOUND ANOTHER VICTIM!



THAT SOUND...WHA...? PAUL!  
YOU'RE SAFE! SAFE!

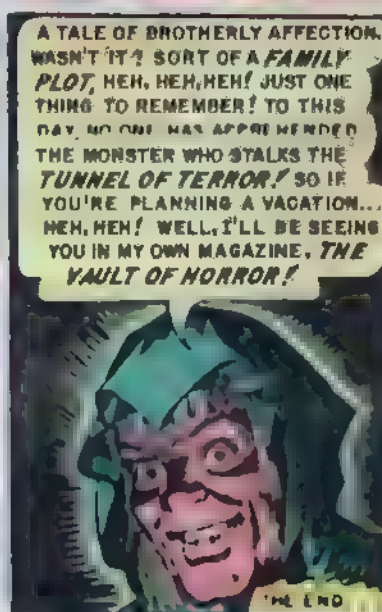
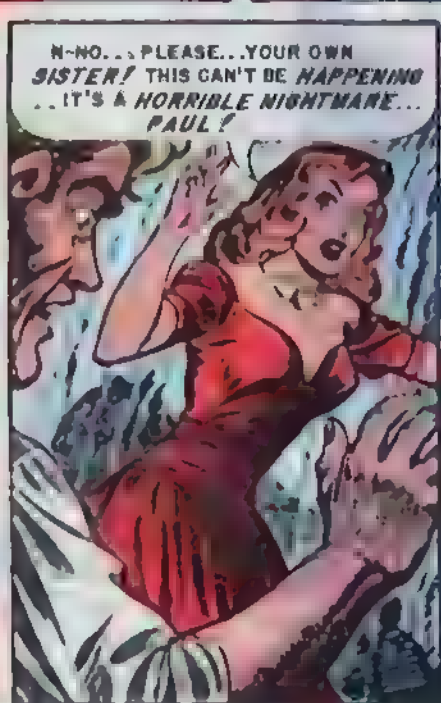
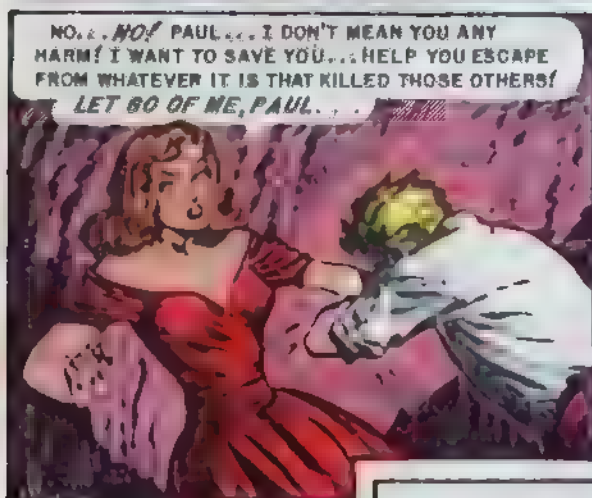
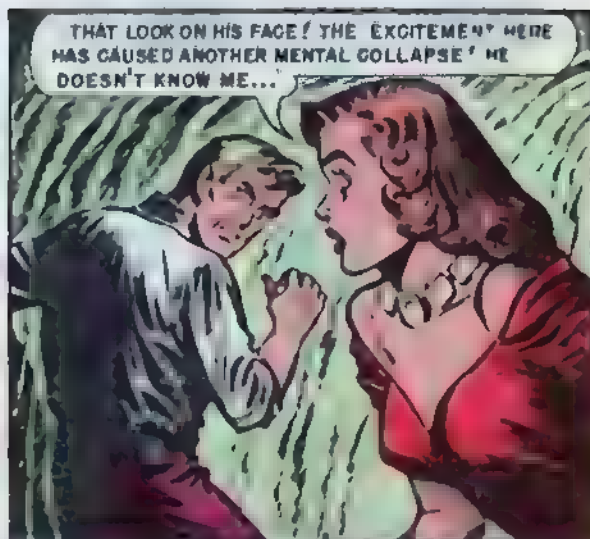


IT'S ME...YOUR SISTER  
LINDA! YOU WON'T HAVE  
TO RUN AWAY ANY LONGER  
WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE  
TOGETHER! YOU'RE SAFE!

SAFE! WON'T  
HAVE TO RUN



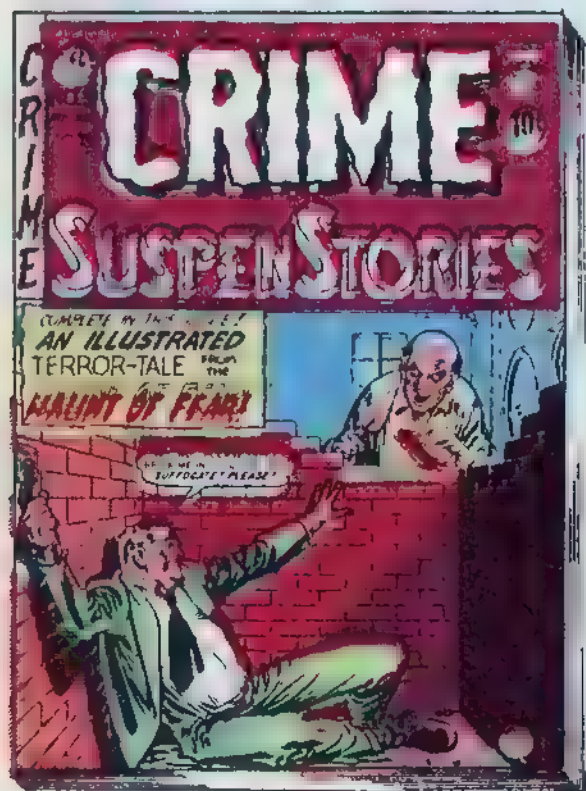






# SUSPENSTORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST.. *READ:*



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## CUNNING

The Camp lay in almost total ruin around him . . . it was hard to believe that this mass of smashed rock and splintered wood had once been considered a model Concentration Camp by the Nazis who built it. Most of the wooden buildings where the prisoners had been held in "protective custody" were now reduced to charred heaps . . . it would have made Herr Kanzler sad to see what this most recent Allied bombing had done to the Camp he once ruled with such ferocity and absolute control. But Herr Kanzler could not see the effect of the bombing . . . he would never see again! It was only by a quirk of fate that he was alive, in fact . . . alive and left completely alone in the Camp as the Allied armies swept toward Berlin. Days before the Gestapo Detachment had disintegrated and disappeared, and the prisoners had broken free as soon as they learned the Camp was unguarded. Now the place was a scene of weird desolation and ruin, totally uninhabited except for Herr Kanzler, the Camp Commandant. Why did he remain? There were two reasons: it was the place where he had enjoyed complete and unlimited power; and his Prussian mind refused to abandon it. And having been blinded in the last bombing . . . and a man



who was utterly friendless . . . he COULDN'T leave!

Frantically he groped his way over the rubble. The explosions nearby and the quivering of the earth under him made it evident that the bombings had started again. He had to get to safety now . . . or else! The steel Bunker was probably undamaged, and it was his goal and his salvation. Once inside those thick metal walls, he would be safe from the bombs . . . and after the Allies had swept over the area he could surrender and throw himself on their mercy! He would escape yet . . . cunning would do it!

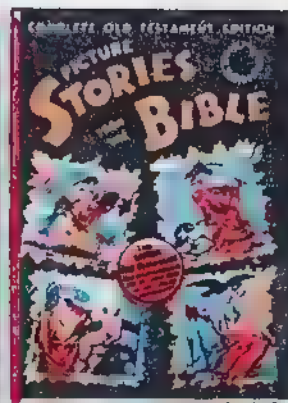
His fingers gripped the steel door and inwardly he exulted. He had found the Bunker . . . even in his blindness he had shown a will-to-live which surpassed that of the prisoners he had destroyed!

A bomb dropped nearby and in desperation he swung the heavy door closed. It clicked loudly and he could barely hear the explosions any longer. But another sound had claimed his attention . . . an almost inaudible sound which filled him with dread. It was a low hiss . . . and its meaning was well-known to Herr Kanzler. 'GAS' was filling the room . . . the click of the door had automatically turned it on! For this was not the Bunker . . . he was locked tightly in the **LETHAL CHAMBER!** At once the truth flooded his brain . . . he was doomed! Doomed to the same death which he had administered to so many thousands of others!



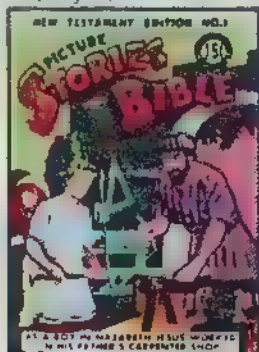
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## THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

**H**ee, hee... well BUBBLE my CAULDRON! It's time for another HEATED discussion about THIS... my very own magazine, *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*! As I'm sure you've noticed by now, those two old COOTS, the CRYPT-KEEPER and the VAULT-KEEPER each have a story in this issue! And therein lies a tale! As you may recall, I cleverly tricked both of those REVOLTING old GHOULS into signing contracts whereby I would appear in each of their magazines. This gave me a decided advantage! I was serene in my glory... when one dark night, as I was brewing an evil concoction in my CAULDRON, these two nauseating buzzards sneaked up behind me and shoved me... screaming... into the seething mess! For a few moments, it was a HOTLY contested battle... but finally I gave in! Although I was BOILING mad, I SIMMERED down and reluctantly signed TWENTY-year contracts with both of them to appear in my MAD-MAG! Now all three of us appear in each of the three magazines... *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*, *THE VAULT OF HORROR*, and *TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR)*! Everything is even... they THINK! But here's a little secret! I still have the jump on them! The last time I was out painting the town red (with BLOOD, of course!) with our HORROR-HAPPY publisher, I was able... by resorting to my feminine charms... to inveigle him into featuring me in another of his magazines... *CRIME SUSPENSE STORIES*! Hee, hee... that'll fix their COFFIN-CARTS!

Oh... the publisher requested that I make an announcement! You may have noted that this issue of *THE HAUNT OF FEAR* is NUMBER 4! The last issue was number 17! This came about because we started numbering my mag with number 15... it was a change in title from a previous magazine which ran 14 issues! After publishing issues 15, 16, and 17, the United States Post Office requested that the fourth issue actually be numbered No. 4, rather than No. 18! Well... ya can't fight City Hall!

Now... the review of the voting on last issue's stories! *NIGHTMARE*, by Craig, received the most votes to win first place. Feld-

stein's *HORROR BENEATH THE STREETS*... which featured my two terror-lies editors... came in second. *TELEVISION TERROR*... masterpieced by Kurtzman... took third place honors. Ghostly Graham Angels' *MONSTER MAKER* made fourth spot... and the text, *REPEAT PERFORMANCE*, limped into last place! Our popular text REPEATED its usual PERFORMANCE!

I have received many letters requesting information on how to subscribe to my magazine! Lazy, huh? Don't like running down to the corner newsstand and finding all the copies sold out, eh? Hee, hee, Well... O.K.! Here's the dope straight from the opium den! Send 75¢ and your name and address to me,

THE OLD WITCH  
Room 706, Dept 4  
225 Lafayette Street  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this puny amount, you'll get a full year's supply... six repulsive issues... of *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*!

And now for the BIG SURPRISE ANNOUNCEMENT! Inspired and flattered by your thousands of letters requesting my picture, I flew downtown to the DUNGEON STUDIOS... PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHERS where I had my lovely countenance forever immortalized by the camera! I left the photographer a raving maniac... his equipment demolished, his studio a shambles, but the negative intact! Want my picture? I warn you, you know how beautiful I am! If you think you can stand it, send 10¢ in COIN to me at the above address and you will receive in return an actual PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION! NOT a drawing... but a full 5 by 7 glossy picture autographed by me! Is that a deal! You said a BLOODY mouthful!

And don't forget to write; you fiends! No one will associate with me... so my only contact with the outside world is through your letters! Vote for your favorite stories! Hee, hee! I'll be seeing you along with the other two GHOULUNATICS in the next issue of *THE VAULT OF HORROR*! 'Bye, now!



THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE MEN WHO CREATED LIFE OUT OF DEATH... ONLY TO FIND AT THE END THAT THEIR OWN LIVES HAD TO BE GIVEN IN RETURN! I CALL IT...

# THE Living Mummy



MY TALE BEGINS ON A DISMAL STORMY NIGHT AT THE BLEAK LABORATORY - CASTLE OF PROFESSOR ARNOLD ZAMRON, WORLD-FAMOUS SCIENTIST..

I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, KRAUSE! STAY AWAY FROM MY GIRL OR I'LL KILL YOU!

GLUB...  
LET ME  
GO

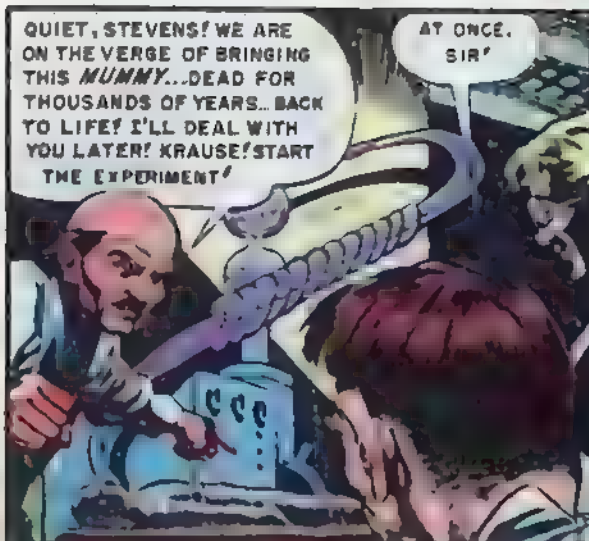
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?

(GASP)...STEVENS IS CRAZY... HE... HE TRIED TO CHORE ME

I DO NOT!

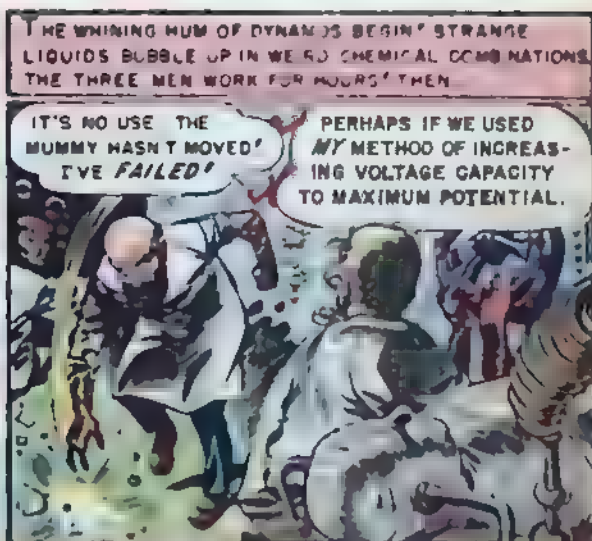






QUIET, STEVENS! WE ARE ON THE VERGE OF BRINGING THIS *MUMMY*...DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS... BACK TO LIFE! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER! KRAUSE! START THE EXPERIMENT!

AT ONCE, SIR!

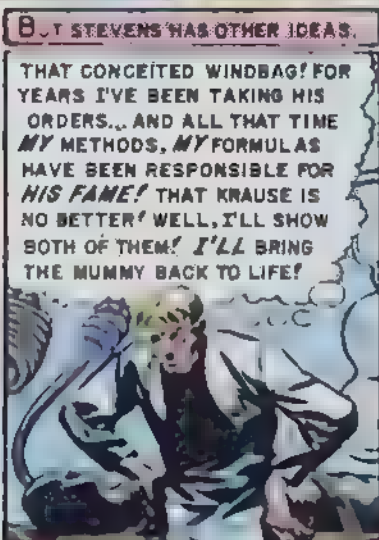


IT'S NO USE THE MUMMY HASN'T MOVED! I'VE *FAILED*!

PERHAPS IF WE USED *MY* METHOD OF INCREASING VOLTAGE CAPACITY TO MAXIMUM POTENTIAL.

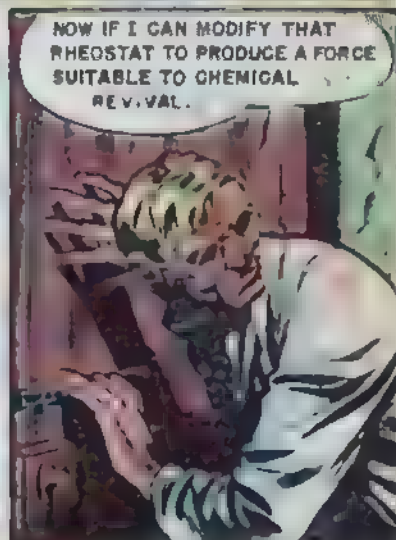


*SHUT UP, STEVENS! DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO! I PAY YOU FOR ASSISTANCE, NOT FOR CRITICISM!* YOU CAN CLEAN UP THIS MESS WHILE KRAUSE AND I RECORD OUR DATA! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING

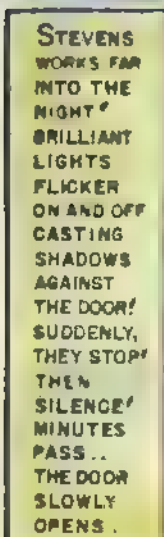


BUT STEVENS HAS OTHER IDEAS.

THAT CONCEITED WINDBAG! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TAKING HIS ORDERS... AND ALL THAT TIME *MY* METHODS, *MY* FORMULAS HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR *HIS* FAME! THAT KRAUSE IS NO BETTER! WELL, I'LL SHOW BOTH OF THEM! I'LL BRING THE MUMMY BACK TO LIFE!



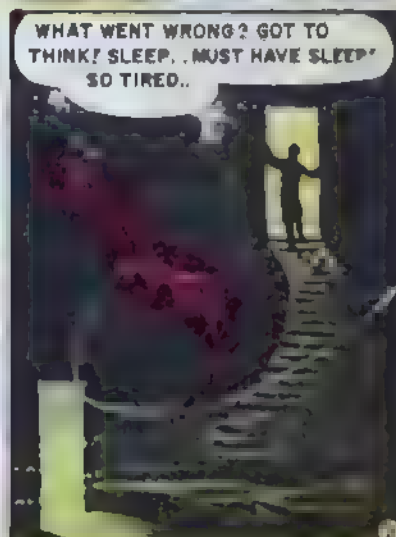
NOW IF I CAN MODIFY THAT RHEOSTAT TO PRODUCE A FORCE SUITABLE TO CHEMICAL REVIVAL.



STEVENS WORKS FAR INTO THE NIGHT! BRILLIANT LIGHTS FLICKER ON AND OFF CASTING SHADOWS AGAINST THE DOOR! SUDDENLY, THEY STOP! THEN SILENCE! MINUTES PASS... THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS.



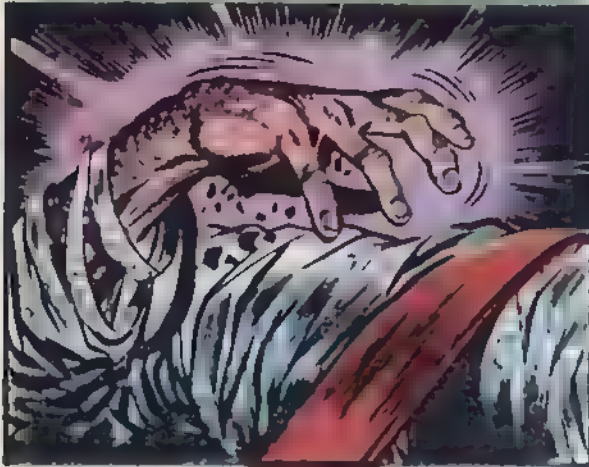
I... I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS *SURE* MY METHOD WAS CORRECT! BUT THE CREATURE JUST LIES THERE...DEAD! I'VE... I'VE FAILED LIKE THE REST!



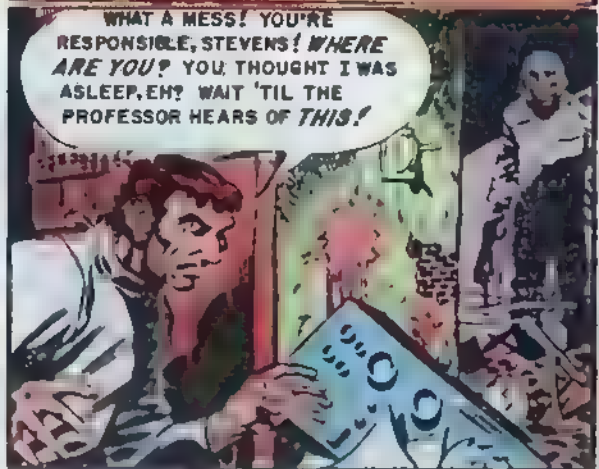
WHAT WENT WRONG? GOT TO THINK! SLEEP... MUST HAVE SLEPT! SO TIRED..



BUT BACK IN THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE LABORATORY,  
A HORRIBLY SHRIVELED HAND RISES SLOWLY INTO THE AIR...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, KRAUSE HEARING NOISES  
WALKS UNWARILY INTO THE LABORATORY...



WHAT A MESS! YOU'RE  
RESPONSIBLE, STEVENS! WHERE  
ARE YOU? YOU THOUGHT I WAS  
ASLEEP, EH? WAIT 'TIL THE  
PROFESSOR HEARS OF THIS!

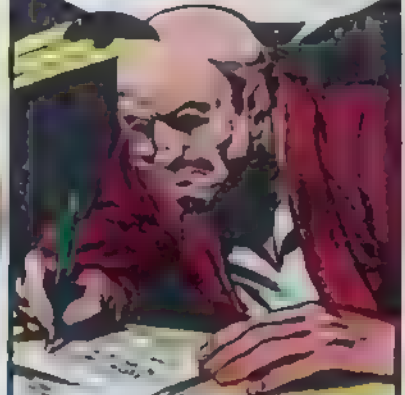
ANSWER ME OR I'LL...  
NO... NO! STAY AWAY...



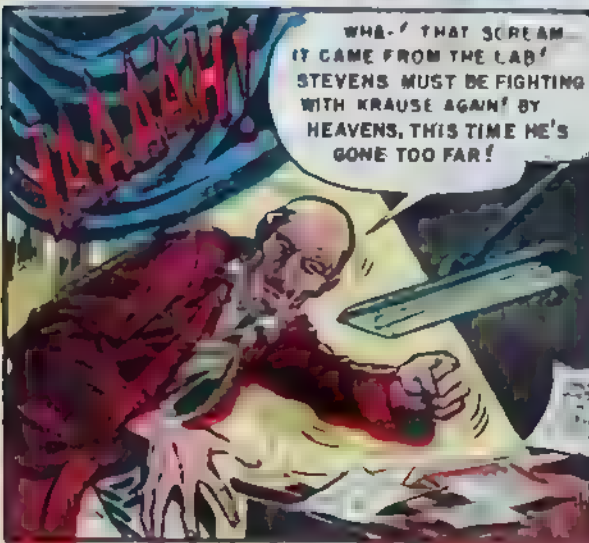
MEANWHILE,  
DEAR READER,  
PROFESSOR  
ZAMRON SITS  
AT HIS DESK ON  
THE TOP FLOOR  
OF THE CASTLE.  
HE ALSO HAS  
NOT BEEN  
ASLEEP...



HMMM...YES! STEVENS  
WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL! WELL,  
I'LL JUST... AHM...USE HIS  
METHOD NEXT TIME! HE NEED  
NEVER KNOW! HA,HA!



WHA-! THAT SCREAM  
IT CAME FROM THE LAB!  
STEVENS MUST BE FIGHTING  
WITH KRAUSE AGAIN! BY  
HEAVENS, THIS TIME HE'S  
GONE TOO FAR!



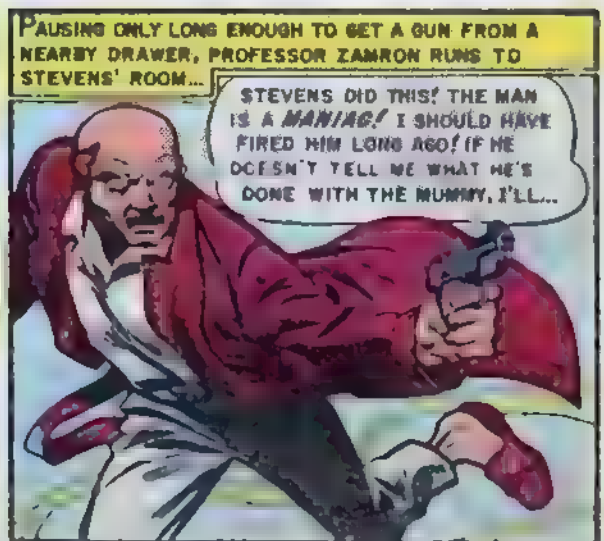
STOP IT! DO  
YOU HEAR?





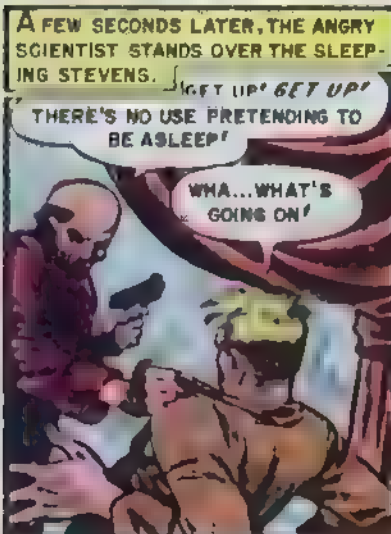


NO...NO! THIS IS HORRIBLE! KRAUSE DEAD...MY LABORATORY RUINED...AND THE MUMMY GONE!



PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GET A GUN FROM A NEARBY DRAWER, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO STEVENS' ROOM...

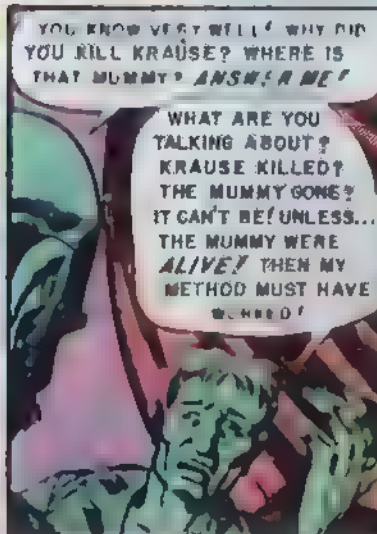
STEVENS DID THIS! THE MAN IS A MANIAC! I SHOULD HAVE FIRED HIM LONG AGO! IF HE DOESN'T TELL ME WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THE MUMMY, I'LL...



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE ANGRY SCIENTIST STANDS OVER THE SLEEPING STEVENS.

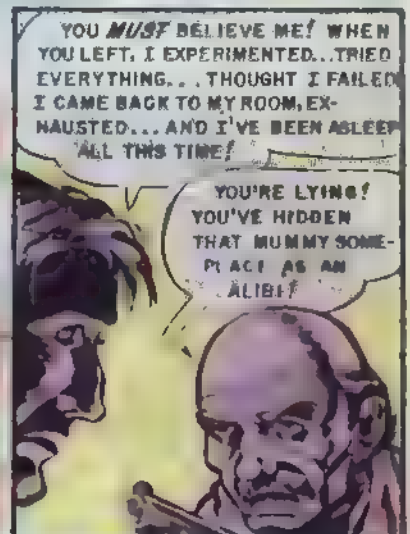
'GET UP! GET UP!' THERE'S NO USE PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP!

WHA...WHAT'S GOING ON!



YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHY DID YOU KILL KRAUSE? WHERE IS THAT MUMMY? ANSWER ME!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? KRAUSE KILLED? THE MUMMY GONE? IT CAN'T BE! UNLESS... THE MUMMY WERE ALIVE! THEN MY METHOD MUST HAVE WORKED!



YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! WHEN YOU LEFT, I EXPERIMENTED...TRIED EVERYTHING... I THOUGHT I FAILED! I CAME BACK TO MY ROOM, EXHAUSTED... AND I'VE BEEN ASLEEP ALL THIS TIME!

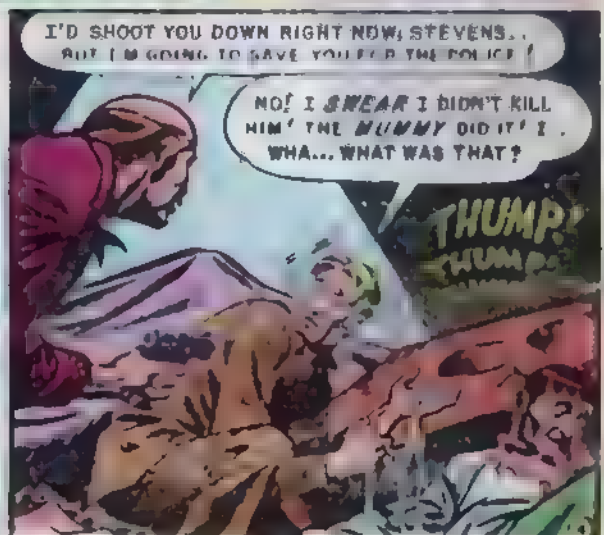
YOU'RE LYING! YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT MUMMY SOMEPLACE AS AN ALIBI!



IF STEVENS DOESN'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE PROFESSOR! HE RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM TO THE LAB BELOW.

COME BACK HERE!

I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF... UGH! I WAS RIGHT! THE MUMMY IS ALIVE AND SOMEWHERE IN THIS HOUSE!

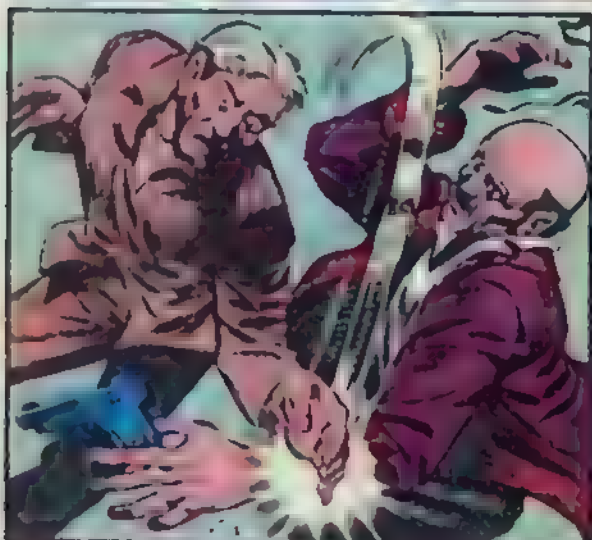
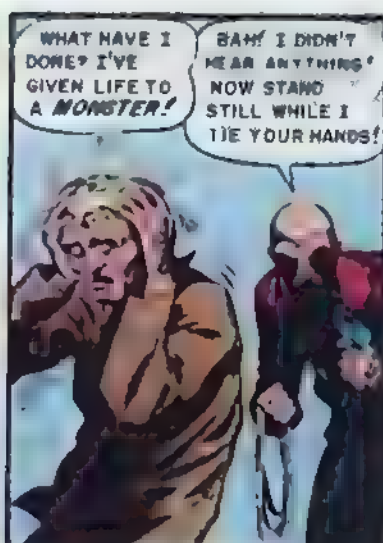
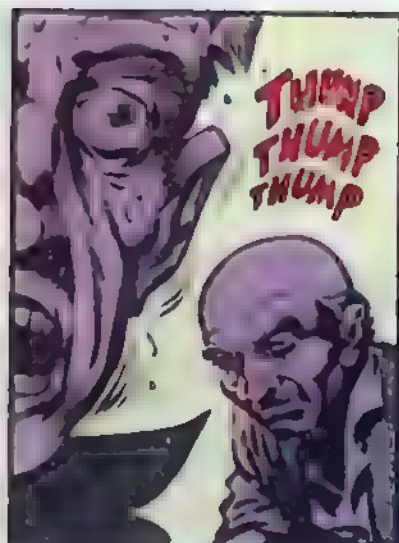


I'D SHOOT YOU DOWN RIGHT NOW, STEVENS... BUT I'M GOING TO SAVE YOU FOR THE POLICE!

NO! I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL HIM! THE MUMMY DID IT! I... WHA... WHAT WAS THAT?

THUMP!  
THUMP!  
THUMP!





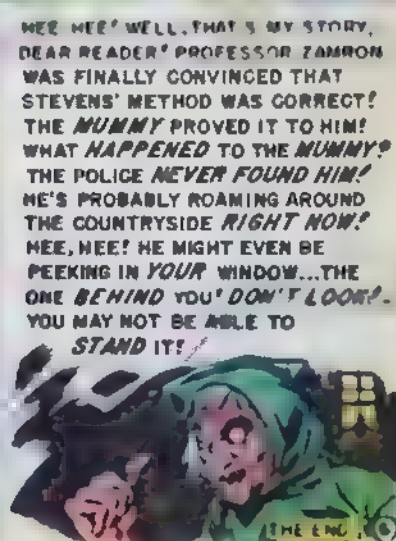
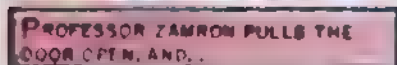
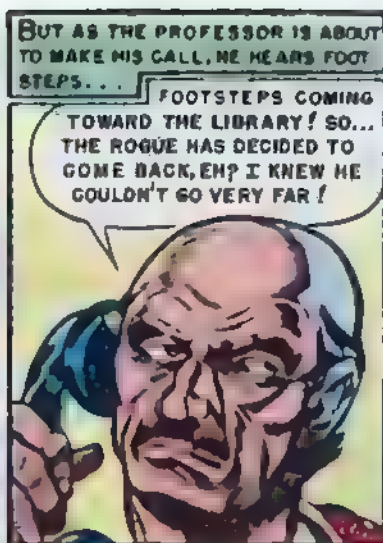
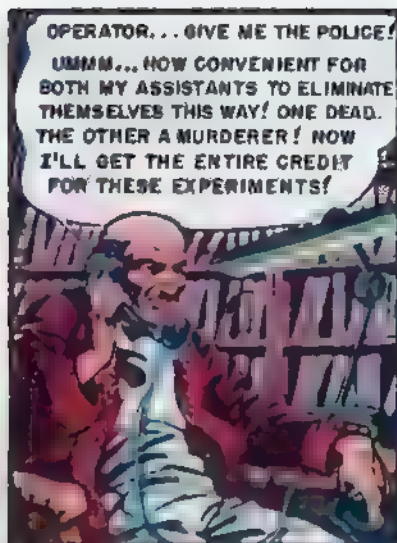
BUT FATE HAS DESTINED STEVENS FOR A DIFFERENT FUTURE. A MAN STRONG ENOUGH TO SURVIVE THE DEATH WENT TO FA, TO SEE THE STEEP CLIFF YAWNING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM...



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE CASTLE, PROFESSOR ZAMRON RUNS TO THE LIBRARY TO PHONE THE POLICE...

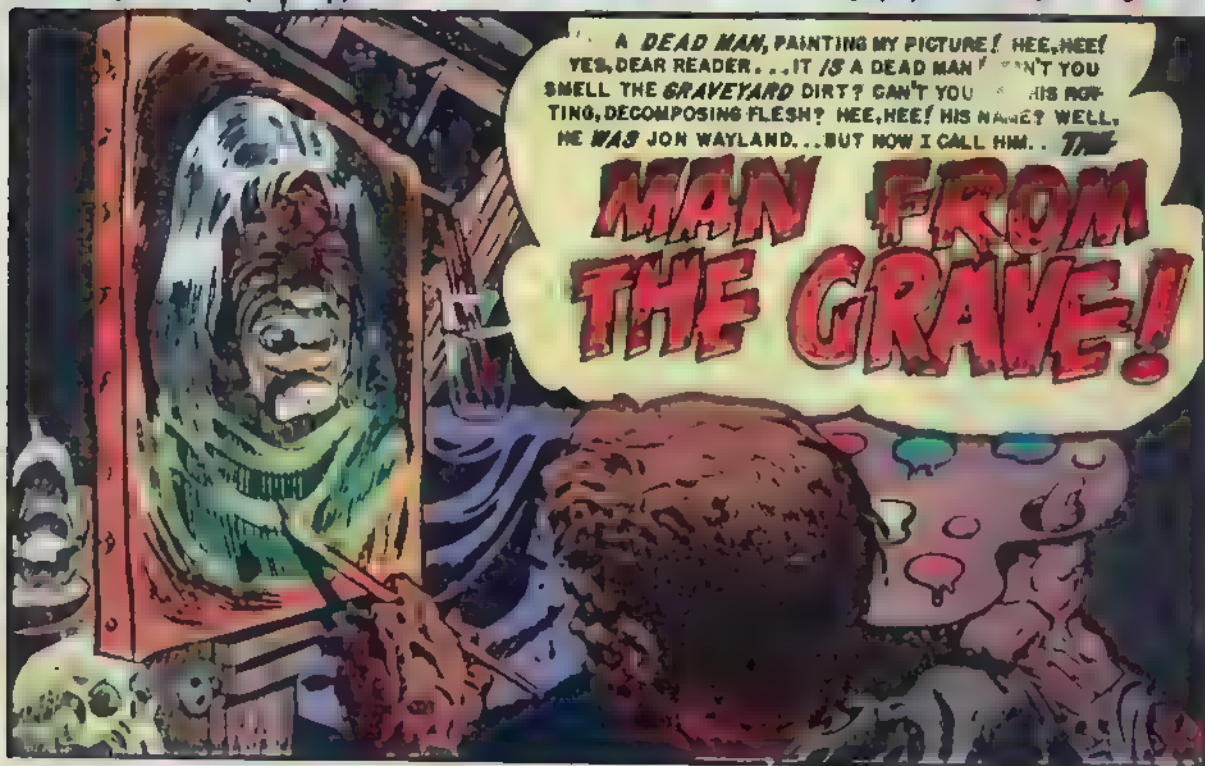








# THE CRYPT OF TERROR



ON A WARM MAY EVENING LAST YEAR, THE EARTH SHOOK LOOSELY. THE EERIE MOON BEAMED DOWN ON A ROTTING HAND THAT LIFTED WITH INSANE FURY THROUGH THE GRAVEMOLD...



THE HAND MOVED! IT RIPPED AND TORE CRAZILY AT THE GRAVE DIRT... TORE HANDFULS LOOSE... DUG FRENZIED TALONS AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE SOFT LOAM UNTIL...

NO GRAVE CAN HOLD ME! NOT WHEN I HAVE A TASK THAT CALLS ME... THAT SUMMONS ME FROM THE FINAL SLEEP! I MUST RISE FROM THIS COFFIN... RISE AND CONTINUE MY WORK...





WITH THUMPING, SODDEN STEPS, THE DEAD MAN WALKED THE GRAVEYARD PATHS--

NOTHING MUST STOP ME! NOTHING! MY WORK... IT CALLS ME BACK FROM THE GRAVE! I MUST FINISH MY WORK. FINISH IT!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! I... I FEEL SICK!

JON WAYLAND WAS ALIVE, THEN! YOUNG, AND HANDSOME, BUT POOR...

SOME PAINTER, I AM! I CAN'T SELL A THING! I CAN'T EVEN EARN ENOUGH TO BUY MYSELF A LOAF OF BREAD AND A BOTTLE OF MILK!



HEE, HEE! A PRETTY SIGHT ON A MOONLIT NIGHT, EH? A DEAD MAN LUMBERING ALONG THE SIDE WALKS! SWELLING OF THE GRAVE! BUT... WHERE IS HE GOING? WHAT STRANGE WORK CALLS HIM FROM THE GRAVE? CURIOUS? HEE, HEE! LET'S TURN OVER THE MUSTY PAGES OF THE PAST... AND GO BACK SOME YEARS, TO A COLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON IN AN EASTERN CITY..



THE ONLY ENCOURAGING NEWS HE EVER GOT WAS FROM A MAGAZINE EDITOR.

I KNOW YOU PAINT MYSTERIOUS AND HORRIBLE THINGS, WAYLAND! A LOT OF FOLKS DON'T GO FOR IT, BUT I LIKE MAGABRE THINGS! BUT... I CAN'T USE IT? SORRY!



FINALLY, JON WAYLAND WAS FORCED TO PAWN HIS PAINTINGS IN ORDER TO EAT...

IT'S CHARITY, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THESE THINGS AREN'T WORTH ANYTHING, BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL. I MIGHT SELL 'EM... SOMETIME!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU!



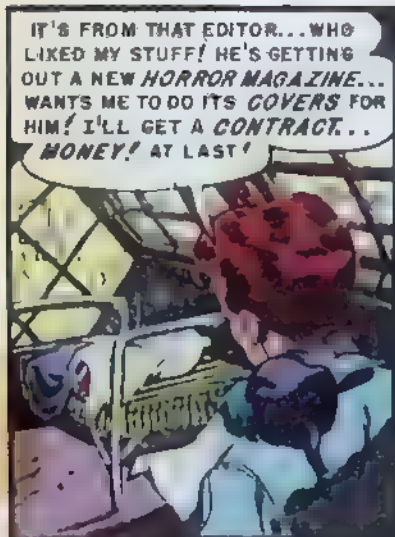
ONE MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER JON HAD PAWNED EVERYTHING HE OWNED, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...

SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR JON WAYLAND!

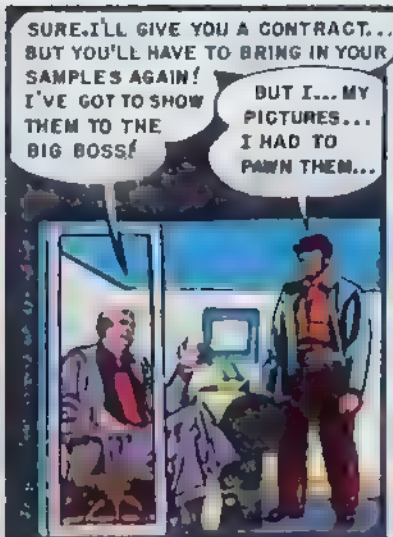
SPECIAL DELIVERY? FOR ME? BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY WHO WOULD WRITE TO ME!







IT'S FROM THAT EDITOR...WHO LIKED MY STUFF! HE'S GETTING OUT A NEW *HORROR* MAGAZINE... WANTS ME TO DO ITS *COVERS* FOR HIM! I'LL GET A *CONTRACT*... *MONEY!* AT LAST!

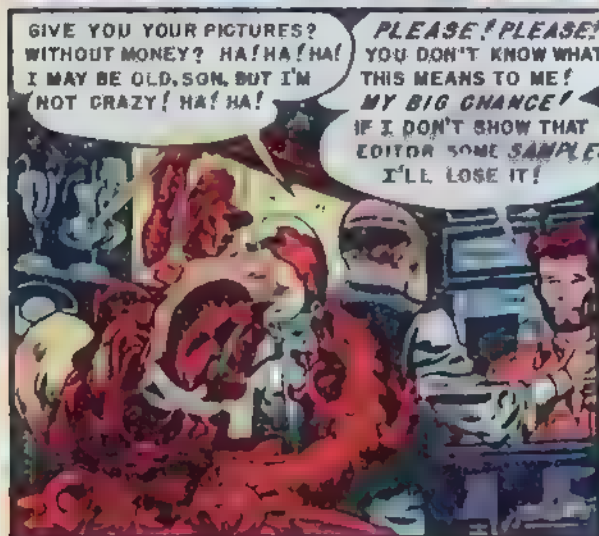


SURE, I'LL GIVE YOU A *CONTRACT*... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING IN YOUR *SAMPLES* AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO SHOW THEM TO THE *BIG BOSS!*

BUT I... MY *PICTURES*... I HAD TO *PAWN* THEM...

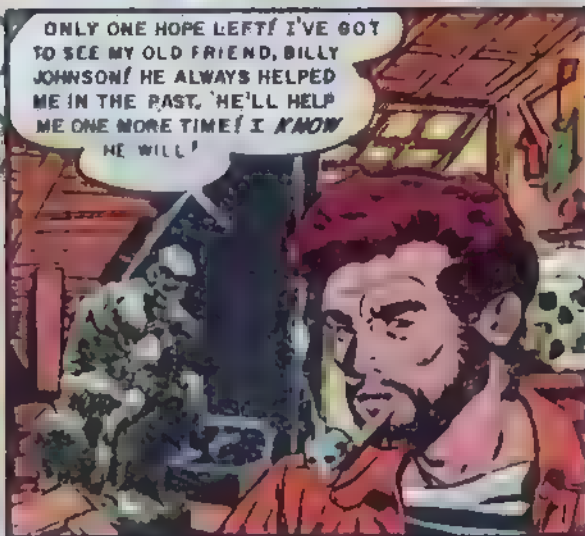


JUST MY *LUCK!* THE FIRST *BREAK* I GET, I LOSE OUT ON! IF I COULD ONLY GET MY *PICTURES* BACK... OR *PAINT* SOME MORE... *MAYBE* I'D *STILL* GET THE *CONTRACT!*

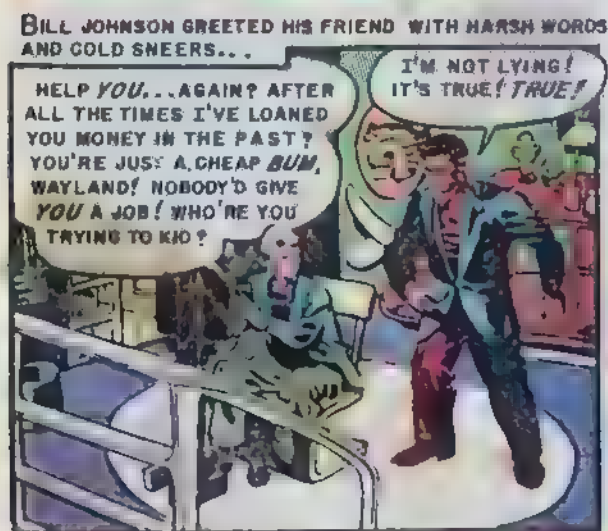


GIVE YOU YOUR *PICTURES?* WITHOUT *MONEY?* HA! HA! HA! I MAY BE OLD, SON, BUT I'M NOT *CRAZY!* HA! HA!

*PLEASE! PLEASE!* YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME! MY *BIG CHANCE!* IF I DON'T SHOW THAT EDITOR *SOME SAMPLES,* I'LL LOSE IT!



ONLY ONE *HOPE* LEFT! I'VE GOT TO SEE MY OLD *FRIEND,* BILLY JOHNSON! HE ALWAYS HELPED ME IN THE PAST, HE'LL HELP ME ONE MORE TIME! I *KNOW* HE WILL!



BILL JOHNSON GREETED HIS FRIEND WITH HARSH WORDS AND COLD SNEERS...

HELP YOU... AGAIN? AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE LOANED YOU *MONEY* IN THE PAST? YOU'RE JUST A *CHEAP BUM,* WAYLAND! NOBODY'D GIVE YOU A *JOB!* WHO'RE YOU TRYING TO *KID?*

I'M NOT LYING! IT'S TRUE! *TRUE!*



NOW *GET OUT...* AND *STAY OUT!* I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU'RE A *CHEAP, SPINELESS BUM!* A *NO-GOOD!* A *WORTHLESS SLUG!*

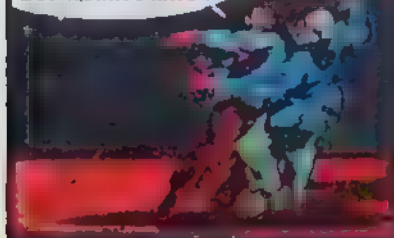
I'LL NEVER GET THAT *JOB* NOW! I'M REALLY *WASHED UP!*



SUDDENLY THE DAMS OF JON WAYLAND'S RESTRAINT BURST! LIKE A DEMONIC THING, HE HURLED HIMSELF ON HIS OLD FRIEND!

YOU *COULD* LOAN ME MONEY TO REDEEM MY PICTURES! YOU HAVE *PLENTY* OF IT! YOU'D NEVER MISS A MEASLY *FIFTEEN DOLLARS!* BUT NO...NO...NO!

JON...  
WATCH  
OUT!



I *NEED* THAT COVER JOB, YOU HEAR? I NEED IT TO *EAT*, TO *LIVE!*



I KNOCKED HIM OUT, BUT I'LL DO MORE THAN *THAT!* I'M GOING TO *KILL* HIM! THEN I WON'T HAVE TO REDEEM MY OLD PICTURES! I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES... TO PAINT *NEW AND BETTER ONES!*



JON WAYLAND DRAGGED HIS OLD FRIEND CLOSE TO A BIG VAT OF *ETCHING ACID*. THEN, LIFTING HIS HEAD, HE PLUNGED IT DOWN TOWARD THE ACID... JUST AS JOHNSON RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

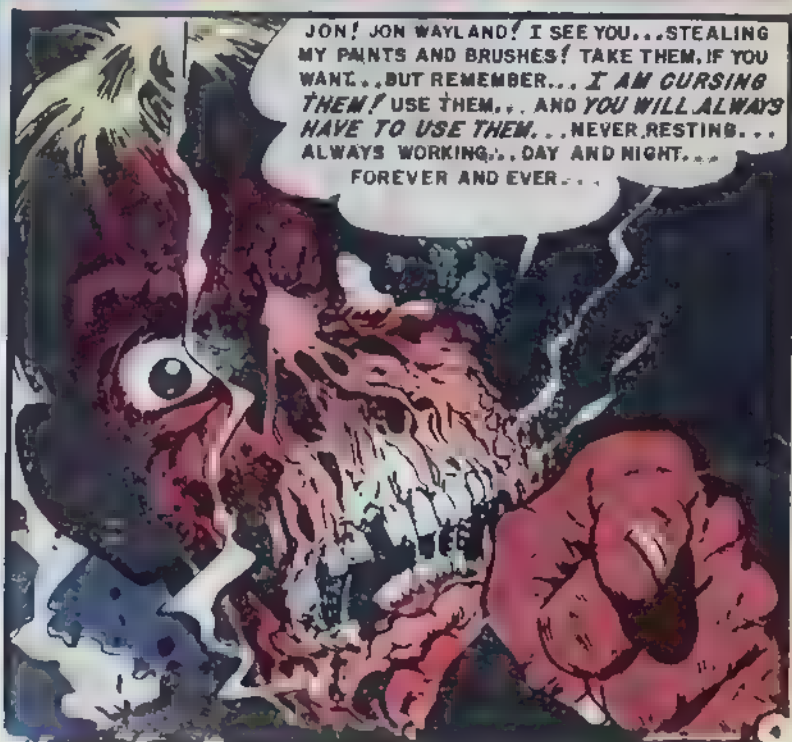
JON! STOP! NO... NO. DON'T DO THIS TO ME! JON! AAAAGGGHH!



I'LL TAKE PLENTY OF PAINT AND BRUSHES! EVERYTHING I NEED! THAT FOOL, JOHNSON! WHY DIDN'T HE GIVE ME THE FIFTEEN DOLLARS? HE'D BE *ALIVE*, NOW!



JON! JON WAYLAND! I SEE YOU... STEALING MY PAINTS AND BRUSHES! TAKE THEM, IF YOU WANT... BUT REMEMBER... *I AM CURSING THEM!* USE THEM... AND YOU WILL *ALWAYS HAVE TO USE THEM...* NEVER RESTING... ALWAYS WORKING... DAY AND NIGHT... FOREVER AND EVER...



JON WAYLAND MADE A MISTAKE! BILL JOHNSON WASN'T *DEAD*... NOT QUITE! HE WAS *ALMOST* DEAD... BUT THERE WAS STILL A SPARK OF LIFE LEFT... SO LOOK FOR YOURSELF, DEAR READER... *IF YOU DARE!*





CURSING ME? WHAT A LAUGH! AS IF A DEAD MAN'S CURSE COULD EVEN AFFECT A LIVING PERSON! USE YOUR PAINTS! YOU BET YOUR LIFE I'LL USE 'EM! BET YOUR LIFE! A JOKE! HA! HA!

FEVERISHLY, JON WAYLAND THREW HIMSELF INTO A FRENZY OF PAINTING. ANXIOUS TO MAKE UP FOR TIME, HE THREW PAINT ON CANVAS WITH SURE, DEXTEROUS SPEED.

WAIT'LL THE EDITOR SEES THIS PICTURE!

ALL THAT DAY AND ALL THAT NIGHT, JON WAYLAND WORKED! COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION, HIS EYELIDS HEAVY WITH THE NEED OF REST, HE WORKED ON...

HE WANTS SAMPLES, DOES HE? I'LL GIVE HIM SAMPLES... TEN OF THEM! EACH ONE BETTER... MORE HORRIBLE THAN THE REST!

NEXT DAY...

THEY'RE TERRIFIC, WAYLAND! TERRIFIC! YOU'VE CAUGHT THE MOOD EXACTLY! TERROR! HORROR! THE BIG BOSS LIKES 'EM SO YOU'RE IN!

I'M GIVING YOU A LOT OF MONEY FOR EACH COVER! YOU CAN MAKE A FORTUNE, IF OUR BOOK CLICKS! AND IT SURE OUGHT TO... WITH THESE COVERS OF YOURS!

RICH! I'LL GET RICH AT THESE PRICES!

JON WAYLAND WENT TO WORK WITH A WILL. HE NEVER RESTED. ALWAYS, AT ANY HOUR OF THE NIGHT, HIS LIGHTS WERE ON AS HE PAINTED AND PAINTED. MADLY, WILDLY...

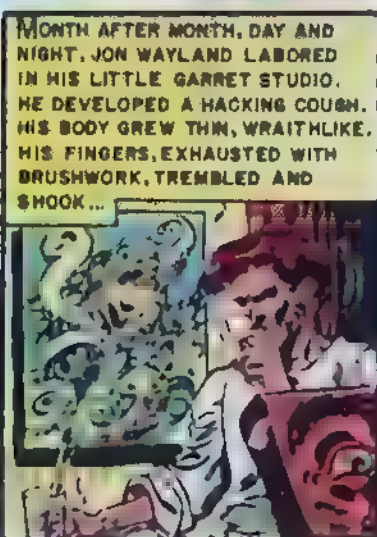
I OUGHT TO REST, BUT... I DON'T WANT TO REST! I'M IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, AND I WILL!

HEE, HEE! JON WAYLAND WAS IN THE MOOD TO PAINT, WASN'T HE? ALL WELL AND GOOD... FOR A LITTLE TIME! BUT READ ON, MY FRIENDS... READ ON! REMEMBER THE DYING MAN'S CURSE? HEE, HEE! OF COURSE YOU DO... AND SO WILL JON WAYLAND, AFTER A WHILE! HEE, HEE!

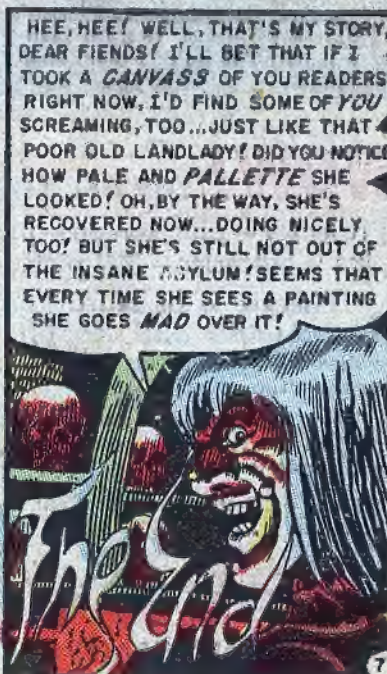
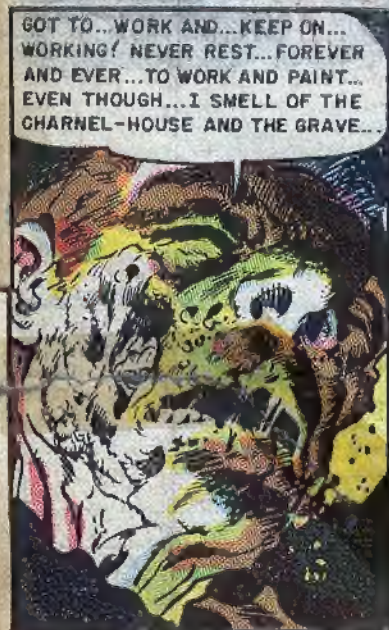
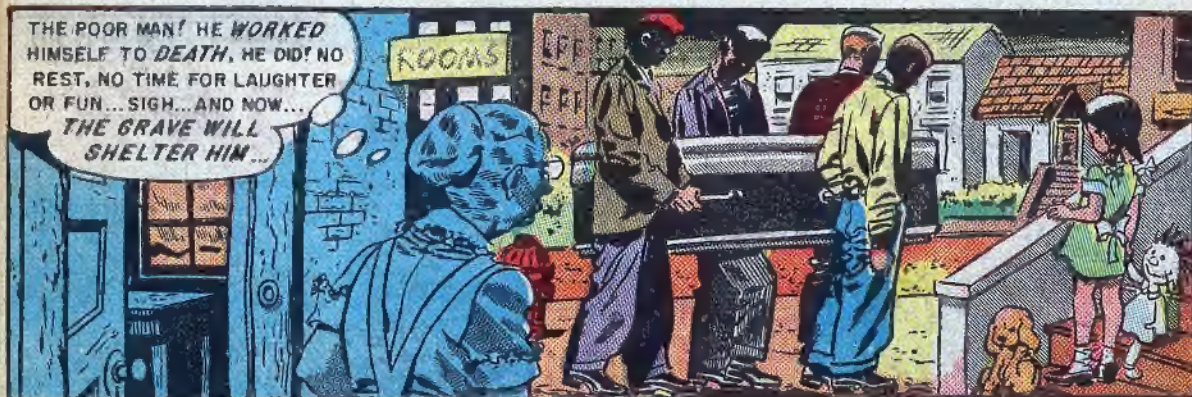




BUT JON WAYLAND COULD NOT STOP PAINTING! THE GLISTENING PAINTS OF THE MURDERED ARTIST BECKONED HIM LIKE SOME STRANGE MAGNET





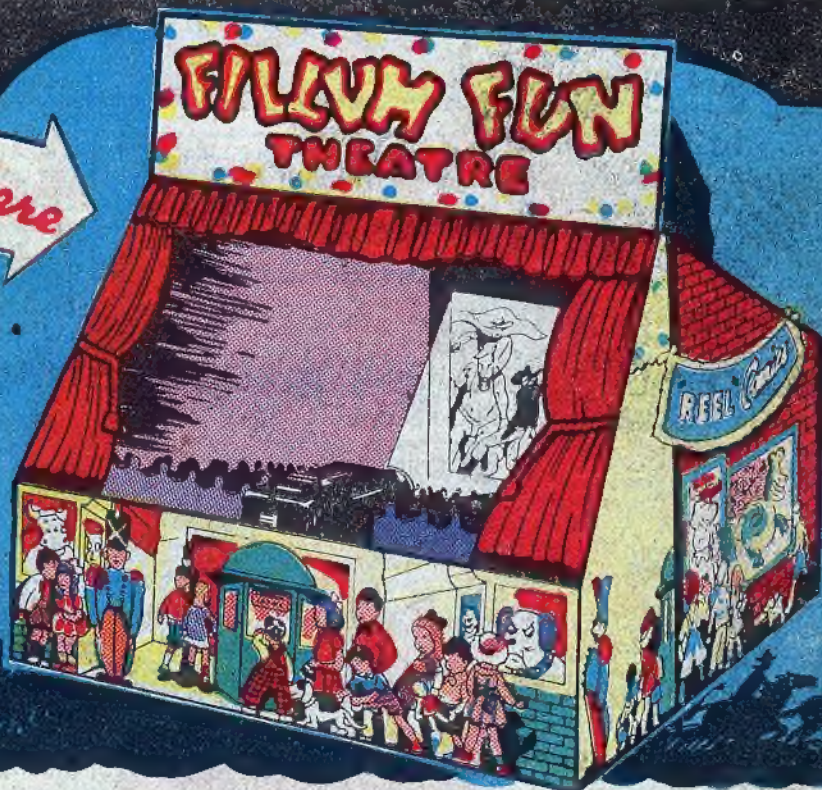




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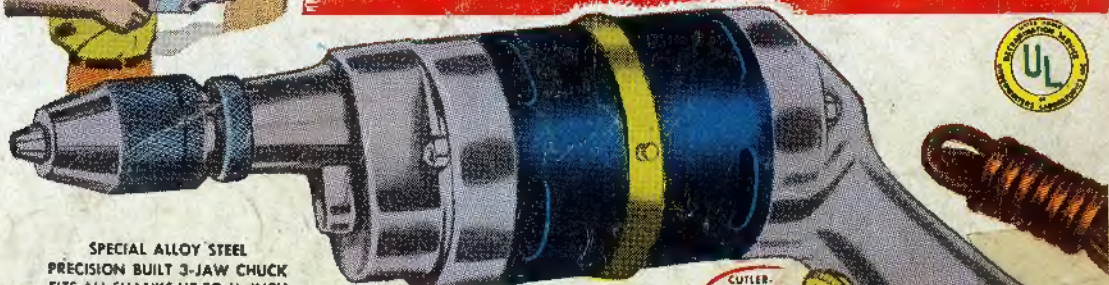
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